

IN THE THICK OF THE FIGHT AT GETTYSBURG

The Wounding of General Jenkins-How Confederates Held Their Own With Handful of Ammunition-The Terrible Scene. Locating the Lines Years Afterward.

not stand it long, and retired to my command to await orders. The battle raged until night, when the firing

About 11 o'clock A. M., July 3, part of Jenkins's Brigade, viz., part of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Virginia Cavalry, reached that part of the battlefield, which was in the rear of the lines of the Pederal infantry. Burnside's barn, Licutenant-Colonel V. A. Witcher, with his command (another part of Jenkins's Brigade), had been sent to that part of the battlefield early that morning, and was fighting in front of the barn, which position he held for a while, and then took a permanent position in the barn.

General J. E. B. Stuart was on the field in person when we reached there, but that part of his command which was with him did not come on the field the evening. Four companies of the Fourteenth and four of the Sixteenth were dismounted and just behind mortised fence, the Sixteenth ney Witcher's command, and the For

teenth next to the Sixteenth. Majo F. Eake, commanding the four companies of the Fourteenth, was soon disabled by a shot, and the command of the Fourteenth fell on myself.
For hours we held our position along

that fonce, though the fire was very severe. We were lying down on the ground

on her head
And the moon like a jasmine to shine
by her bed.
The old towns of Dixie.
The sweet towns and true,
That bloom mid the shadows
And smile 'neath the dew!

The mountains all 'round and a valley hear by, A dear river singing its heart to the A dear river singing its heart to the sky;
The old Rappahannock, the lovely Sweetair,
And that loved laughing water, the silver Shendare;
The old towns, I know them, and knowing, ah sweet
To me the fair vales and the streams at their feet!
The old towns of Dixic,
The loved towns that sing Of the dear life of dream
Where the red roses swing!

Winchester, Staunton and Lexington, The old towns of Dixie are dreaming

The old towns of Dixie are dreaming to-day.

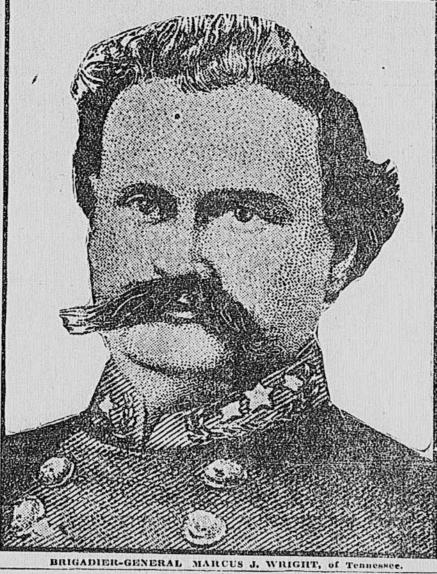
'th the mountains around them just waiting to tell the music of magic that over them fell when the white winter mantle dropped off and they felt.

The warm rain of April all over them pelt.

The old towns of Dixie.

Where sweet lives are spent in the same daily round

That the old dwellers went!



Then raise a shaft to Davis loved so well, Whose blameless life did brighten every deed, Which we may well to our children

That they some lesson from his name might heed. Let ev'ry true Confederate rejoice, That we have carved this monument

Let ev'ry Southern boy and girl find To sing the praise of Davis on the

Ah! We will keep this monument with The statue of the Hero of the South, To whom once freedom and success Now lives in glory in his people's

We place our hearts in tears about his feet. Which ever trod on Duty's path so blest:

We send our prayers on high, his soul to greet, Which in God's great Valhalla nov

Where sweet lives are spent that fence, though the fire way very servers. We were lying down on the ground bothing the bottom ratis. So deadly was as soon as they rose to be the mind that sent every son to the field.

The old forms of Diske—one name for the dark while I went to General Sturgit, who was just behind our dismounted fine the call of the dear Dixle bugies that blew the field.

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Leasing the Line Series

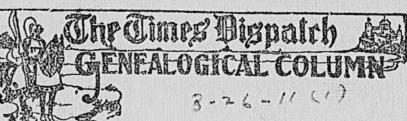
The St. Bottans

A Photograph of Jackson,

and unmarked, or brought home to a woman delicate and refined, placed in a pine box, and, when the death clods were thrown in with the uncarthly thud, her all was gone and she was compelled to return to a home with helpless children and only a crust of bread.

"A pure, unselfish woman is the brightest jewel a great God has set of the sixtles."

In a glorious universe, These are the women who have inspired the veterans to build a monument so white and to buil



about Dr. William Crines, but even by searching diligently, nothing is revealed. He took 100 acres of the land of Cainhoo, the Indian, and it looks as if this aspiring Indian had bitten off more than he could chew, or, in plainer language, had staked off more than he could plow. Dr. Crines also had a lot at Gloucester towne. There was a time when prophecy pointed to cities on either side of York River—one at York town, the other at Gloucester Point The prophecy still awaits fulfilment.

Campfield is a name which clings to many localities, but it falls to work out

genealogically. Of Embry and Bradbury we can find nothing, although land was granted to Ralph Embry and James Bradbury in 1662.

When we come to the name Edward Rowe we are on familiar ground. He show the land in 1661, and perhaps ever since there has been a Ned Rowe in Gloucester county. In 1718 Benjamin Rowe, probably his son, married Mary oned William Armistend of "Hosse".

for doctors. Years ago Dr. Philip Tal-An interesting picture of General inferro would sail away in his big "Stonewall" Jackson, from which, it boat and be lost for a week or two in is said, many of the pictures of him the bounds of Guines. Dr. Wilmer have been taken is an explicitly the said and the bounds of Guines.

Captain F. M. Colston recalls very distinctly the fact that the late General Bradley T. Johnson told him that when he was with General Jackson in in 1715 (quite a gap); Lucy, born in 1715 (quite a gap); Lucy, born in 1719. There was also a William Rowe, probably his brother, married Elizabeth, and had him go to Routzahn in Winchester to sit. He declares it to be a faithful representation.

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Ben Rowe, son of James, born in didn't give Charlie enough soup. And you gave Susie too much. What alls

Zachariah and Lucy.
Zachariah Rowe married Margaret. Zachariah Rowe married Margaret. His children are not recorded. We find "Margaret Rowe died at Zach Rowe's house, November 20, 1776." She was his wife, we have no doubt, but then women's rights were not even in the air. Zach Rowe owned slaves and Rowe we also find in the Ablagdon Joseph and Richard about the middle daughters Rebecca (wife not mention ed), born 1754, and Mildred, born 1759 John had a son, Lewis, born 1761 Benjamin in 1760: Joseph Rowe had : 1751, and Susanna by his wife Mary in 1753; Richard Rowe had a son, John, by wife Catherine in 1760. Mrs. Mary Rowe died in 1759, and

her daughter, Patsy Goodwin, the same year. She had property. There was

to find out something | took up land previous to their grants now mentioned, and what we could find of them we put in a previous paper. The Graftons (1657-1667) have dis-

Land Grants.

appeared altogether.

1662-John Mann, 100 acres upon Horn Harbour Creek, joining land of Lieutenant-Colonel Wooldrich, and which lapsed and was regranted 1711 to Anne and Mary Sterling. This was John Mann, of "Timberneck," father of Mary Mann, who married Matthew Page of "Rosewell."

mind if I explain your points. Castle Hill was a part of the points. Castle Hill was a part of the Nicholas Meriwether (1) land grant of 17,952 acres, and came to Colonel Walker only by his marriage to the widow of Nicholas Meriwether (2). It was the home of the Meriwethers first. Nicholas Meriwether (2) left one child. Mildred, who married John Tynet, of Hanover, "The child of Castie Hill" you write of is my great-great-grand-mother. Thomas Lewis, my great-grandfather, married Elizabeth Meri-wether, and his sister. Elizabeth Lewis. married her brother, William Douglas Meriwether. He was always called Billy Douglas to please his grand-father, Hev. William Douglas, for whom he was named, who had no sons, I have always heard there was nothing soft about Captain Mott, and that she was a strong believer in the rights of women. One attribute of that Lewis-Walker blood is a unusual presence of mind and undaunted courage (absolute fearlessness), and it still shows in a remarkable way in many of their descendants. When you write of the combined Lewis, Meriwether, Walker, Douglass and Clark families you find interested readers not only in Virginia, but in every State. Thanking you for your very inter-

esting article, Very sincercly yours,

column, and oblige a Bronaugh con-nection? More data on the Bronaugh family will appear later in this paper.

Will C. H. B., of Turlock, Cal., give her full name and address to this

somewait Jackson, from which, it is said, many of the pictures of him have been taken, is en exhibition at Bendann's Galleries, in Baltimore.

The picture was taken in the winter of 1861-1852 by Routzahu, of Winehossier. It represents the general in full major-general uniform in a sitting imajor-general uniform in a sitting practiced medicine in Guinea. This posture. When the Southern Fair of 1865 was held in Baltimore from which it or raise funds to meet the immediate distress of many Southern families, this picture, which is a pastel portrait, was made by Messrs. Bendann, the artist being Kester, who enjoyed a fine reputation in his day, and the picture was raffed at the fair, producing a large sum of money. It was won by Captain Thomas K. McCaw, of Winchster, and has been in the possession of his family for the last fortys in order than the condition.

Captain F. M. Colston recalls very tables were placed so close to each other that the conversation of one party furnished smiles and cause for reflection for their neighbors. Eavesdropping had to be dropped from the list of social misdemeanors where its of social misdemeanors where "But she says."

"Never mind what she says. I know she wants a piece of white meat." studying in Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. He, too, is a skilful specialist, now living in Newport News.

We have collected all the Rowes recorded in the old register of Abing-don Parish, which may supplement any Bible records which the families may possess.

In 1690, James Rowe lived in Gloucester. Very probably he was the son of Edward Rowe, the patentee. He married Mary (?), and had James, born in 1669; Ben, born in 1715 (quite a state of the property of the breast. That's a good piece."

In depring had to be dropped from the list of social misdemeaners where a typical American husband a typical American husband. She was a little wrenlike woman, with bright, birdlike eyes and an intelligent, kindly face. She represented as the wife usually does, the family partnership, while the husband, broad of head and shoulders, with coarse, thick, gray hair and steel-colored eyes, typified, as husbands do, its force. With them were

didn't give Charite enough soup, And you gave Susie too much. What ails you?"

John patiently passed his spouse a plate that was neither too full nor too scant, but she wined the edge osteratatiousty with her mankin. "John never could serve soup well" she complained. "His hand is so unsteady."

The fish brought forth similar comments, and when Italy's national dish, glowing white through its coverine of red sauce, was brought upon a heaped platter, the fusiliale of instructions was resumed.

"O. John, for pity's sake don't cut spaghett!"

"What shall I do?" The husband tried to smile, but there was a surly undertone.

"You must dip it un in a spoon, even if it does drip over the sides."

Having discharged his duty as well as any one hew in the ast of serving the slipnery delicacy could do, every one hoved that the husband's tribulations were over. It was a false hope.

"Gravious, John, you can't eat smaghetti that way. Don't you know that then woo, cut it, it falls between the times of your fork?" Let me show you."

one hoped that the husband's tribula-tions were over. It was a false hope. "Gralous, John, you can't eat spa-ghetti that way. Don't you know that when yot, cut it, it falls between the tines of your fork?" Let me show you." she had properly. There was also a Hansford Rowe in Gloucester in 1754.

These little bits are picked from the Abingdon Parish Register. The task was rather tedious, but if from it some satisfactory genealogy is derived, we shall be glad.

The Roanes, Dudleys and Hubards

times of your fork? Let me show you."
She twisted the squirming mass around be town her throat, looking at him triumphantly with lips that we have have here happy because the consecutive of the policy of the property of t

Last night I sat in one of the Italian, never had a tinge of rhoumatism, and

recisely what we all expected happened. Poor, harassed John his face
crimson from the running fire of criticlisms, swore. The oath was as gentlemanly as an oath could be, and it
was accompanied by a plea to be left
in peace. He had reached the limit of
human endurance, and he swore. And
the face of every man in the room
wore a relieved look, as though ho
had given the man his profanity proxy,
and every woman wore a "Didn't
you expect it? I did."
Gentlemen don't swear at their

a clever dear?"

A man who has weathered splendidly a life beset with vicissitudes and temptations, and who is the honorable husband of a successful wife, said: "I think we have been happy because at the beginning we decided to be politic to each other."

If your husband has been able to support you in a country and at a support you in a country and at a

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